

he would die like her mother. At last she burst into tears and then her father gladly took the peace offering from her dear little hands and allowed himself to be forced into the man's arms nearly primed than ever.

In the two years since the mother's death the circumstances of the family had changed rapidly, but the little girl's education had gone on, and she had become a neat little housekeeper. She and her father lived alone now, and she took the greatest pleasure in keeping the house quite clean and in preparing her father's meals with the greatest care. She had also learned to sew, and proudly kept the linen in order.

Another year passed in peace, and Mr Emmanuel began to think the great troubles of his life were over. Many of his neighbours were suffering from religious persecutions, but for the sake of his little girl he had attended no religious gatherings and had in no way called attention to the fact that he still existed.

But, like all Russian Jews, he had been standing upon the crust that covered an active volcano. Suddenly there came an officer to his door with an order that he should immediately join a party en route to — to undergo an examination for admission into the army. He appealed to the officer in every moving term he could call to his mind; he showed him his little dead and dumb girl; he implored; he reminded the man, whom he knew to be a father, of his own children.

Words were useless and time pressing. He snatched poor little Belle frantically to his heart and was torn away without even time to explain to the frightened child the cause of his departure. Belle picked up her hat and followed. When the officer saw her he ordered the soldier who accompanied him to drive her back. Her father watched her and found she was begging to know where he was going. He stopped, but was forced along. "One word, dear father," she spelled. He was handcuffed and could not answer. For an instant Belle hesitated, and then ran wildly back to her deserted home. She looked hurriedly about, quickly found her father's pipe and tobacco, and then again followed the receding figure.

As she approached, breathless, she called "papa." The officer made threatening gestures. Suddenly by a violent wrench the father freed himself from the hold of the two men and ran toward his child. He was instantly recaptured and brutally beaten. Belle caught the arm of one of the men and was knocked down in the struggle. She was stunned for a moment, but recovering she picked up the pipe and tobacco and again followed though this time without trying to approach her father.

She saw the officer take him to a large party of men and women already under way. They were ordered to halt, and her father was chained to a great, brawny, wicked-looking convict. Even this man seemed to resent the contact with a Jew, and kicked his helpless companion viciously. The party started and Belle followed, but always at a sufficient distance to escape notice. All the forenoon she patiently trudged along. At intervals she managed to catch a glimpse of her father. With that stimulus hunger, thirst, weariness were unfelt.

At 12 o'clock the company had reached their first halting place. Now if she could only look in her dear father's face and give him his pipe. Maybe, oh, happy thought, it would allow her to walk by his side. She circled round until she could see her father's white agonized face. Nothing could keep her from him now. She flew toward him. She had nearly reached him when the officer who had arrested her father caught her by the arm. "Well, I'm — if this Jewish brat hasn't followed us. Get home again, quick, or I'll —" and he again threatened her.

Belle ran until she fell exhausted behind some shrubs growing by the road. From this time she did not try to approach her father again. She seemed to have settled it in her mind that he would some time reach his destination, and then she might go to him.

After their wretched noonday meal the party again resumed their march. Poor as the meal had been the weary little girl following them had less. Once during the day a peasant gave her a piece of bread, and the following morning a woman gave her a drink of milk.

As the evening of the third day drew near, she could scarcely drag one foot after another. Incredible as it may seem she had kept up with the party, and at night had lain down as near them as she dared to.

Now she determined to try once more to see her father. She was utterly worn out, and maybe a premonition that her end was near had deprived her of fear. She had stopped by the wayside and bathed her face and taken a drink of water. That day nothing had been given her and she was very weak. As she came slowly up, her white, lovely little face attracted the attention of a young officer who had a little sister at home about her age. He spoke to her kindly and asked her for whom she was looking.

Seeing that he had spoken to her she raised her hand to her face and made the touching sign of the deaf mute.

Then she looked at him eagerly and said "Papa."

"Where is your papa, my child?"
Again she repeated the sign, but finding that he did not understand, yet looked at her with kindly eyes, she began to search about for her father. In a moment she found him lying flat upon the ground. What unheard of cruelty could have in these days reduced him to the wreck he now appeared to be?

With a glad cry the child ran and fell into his arms. After the first frantic embrace she sat up, and taking the pipe and tobacco from her pocket, filled the bowl and placed it in her father's hands. Then, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, she leaned her head upon her father's shoulder and fainted.

In the night little Belle died in her father's arms.

MARK VALRASKY.

THE SPORTING MANIA IN FRANCE.—The English sporting mania is now rapidly invading France. It has become usual for women to ride daily in the Bois de Boulogne in the early morning returning in time for breakfast, for men to play polo in the afternoon, and for both sexes to attend race-meetings pretty constantly. Lawn tennis, too, has grown in popularity, while pretty women may be seen driving a pair of stepping ponies, with more or less success, and men seated rather clumsily on the box-seat of a four-in-hand do their best to emulate their brethren from over the water.

HOW THEY PLAYED THE DEVIL AT MADRAS.

The following description of the way in which the Governor of Madras played the devil will perhaps attract some attention.

"To the Madras Presidency," says the *Bombay Gazette*, "is due the honour of having introduced a new feature into official entertainments. A ball was given at Ootacamund at the bungalow of Sir James Dormer, the new commander in chief, at which fancy dress was *de rigueur* and the nineteenth century gentleman was mercilessly excluded. It was a *bul poudri*—the choice lying between black and white, but the most attractive feature was a "Devil's Dance." The gentlemen representatives of his Satanic Majesty included his Excellency the Governor, the Commander in Chief, etc. Their partners were, of course, angels, and these included Lady Wenlock, Miss Dormer, etc."

The correspondent of a local paper describes the dance as follows:—"At a sign from one of the A.D.C.'s the band struck up the "Bogie Man," and there was a sort of buzz—each devil made a rush up above, and brought down his particular angel. No one but the eight from heaven and the other eight from somewhere else took part in this dance, the rest of the guests being content to watch the flying angels and the long-tailed devils. Lady Wenlock simply flew about, her feet scarcely touching the ground. The devils get up as equally good of its kind. Long black forked tails; tufts of hair on either side of the head gave the idea of pointed ears. Black coats, with a kind of bat's wing under the arm and joined to the side, black bands of silk across the shirt front, to cover all gleams of white—knee breeches, silk stockings and pumps."

In the *Madras Mail* we find another account of this performance. "When the first discordant crash of fiendish music was heard (the introduction to the "Bogie Man Lancers") each devil seized a reluctant angel and dragged her to a place in the set. The angels were most becomingly attired in loose flowing robes of white, with silver girdles and stars in their hair, flowing wing sleeves and a big spray of lilies in their hands. The devils danced with the most wonderful fiendish grace and agility, dragging their partners, whirling them round and pronouncing round them. They ended by giving yells of triumph and truly unearthly shrieks."

A CHINESE VIEW OF ANGLO-SAXON COURTSHIP.

YUAN HSING-FU, who recently recorded his impressions of England from a Celestial standpoint, was a good deal puzzled by what he evidently regards as the free-and-easy methods of courtsHIP.

"Besides invitations to dinner," he writes, "there are invitations to tea parties, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes a certain number of men and women assemble and tea, sugar, milk, bread and the like are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man."

"Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip, posture and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping *tanshen* (dancing). The reason of this curious proceeding on the part of our countrymen was well explained by a recent writer in a Chinese illustrated paper, the *Hua Pao*.

"Western etiquette requires," he says, "the man in search of a wife to write to the girl's home and agree upon some time and place for a skipping match (*swilick*, a dance). The day arrived, "youth in red and maid in green," they come in pairs to the brilliant, spacious hall, where, to the emulous sound of flute and drum, the youth clasping the maiden's waist and the maid resting upon her partner's shoulder, one pair will skip forward, another prance backward, round and round the room until they are forced to stop for want of breath."

"After this they will become acquainted—only after this, observe—and then by occasional attentions over a bottle of wine or exchange of confidences at the tea table, their intimacy will deepen, the maiden's heart become filled with love and they will mate."

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

"Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?
"Let me come in—the door unlock."
"Tis midnight now; my lonely gate
I open to no stranger's knock."

"Who art thou? Speak?" "Men call me Fame.
To immortality I lead."
"Pass, idle phantom of a name."
"Listen again, and now take heed."

"Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art,
My poet, now unbar the door."
"Art's dead, Song cannot touch my heart,
My once Love's name I chant no more."

"Open thee, now—for see, I stand,
"Riches my name, with endless gold—
Gold and your wish in either hand."
"Too late—my youth you still withhold."

"Then, if it must be, since the door
Stands shut, my last true name do know,
Men call me Death. Delay no more;
I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "Ab, guest so wan,
Forgive the poor place where I dwell—
An ice cold hearth, a heart sick man,
Stand here to welcome thee full well."

WALT WHITMAN.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE PLANET MERCURY.

OBSERVATIONS made during the recent transit of Mercury by Mr J. K. Winder, D'sroit, convince him that the planet is surrounded by a dense atmosphere, which in a more attenuated state, extends for two or three hundred miles beyond his surface. The appearance of the spectrum also indicated the presence of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere of Mercury.

A POWERFUL PROJECTILE.

The British naval authorities are exhibiting with pride and satisfaction a projectile which, fired from a 110 ton gun, passed in succession through a 20 inch steel plate, 8 inches of iron, 20 feet of oak balks, 5 feet of granite and 11 feet of concrete, being finally staid in its path of destruction by a mass of brick masonry into which it made its way to a depth of three feet. That projectile must have been well made, and of good metal.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

A curious and intimate relationship exists between some animals and plants, especially in tropical countries, where the struggle for existence is so fierce. One plant, known as the bull's horn acacia, of Central America, provides a species of ant not only with food and drink, in the shape of tiny egg-like bodies upon its leaves, and a sweet liquid contained in special wells on the stalk, but in addition it furnishes a tenement for the ant in the hollow spines with which it is armed. In return for these favours the ant protects the acacia from its enemies.

PINEAPPLE CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

One of my children was down with diphtheria and was in a critical condition. An old man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pineapple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice and let the patient sip it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will eat out diphtheritic mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucous membrane of his throat sore.

CAST-IRON TUNNELS FOR RAILROADS.

Two tunnels of cast iron for an electric railway have been built in London and put in operation for rapid transit. They are three miles in length and lie between forty and sixty feet below the surface of the city's streets. The tunnels for the up and down lines are formed of cast-iron from beginning to end, save where the stations are built and their diameter is ten and one-half feet, the tubes being formed of rings one foot seven inches long, made in sections and bolted together. The tunnels were driven by means of a short cylinder, a trifle larger in its inner diameter than the exterior diameter of the cast-iron tunnel lining. This cylinder has a cutting edge and is forced forward by hydraulic jacks, butting a circular way into which the lining plates are fitted, the narrow space between the lining and the soil being filled with lime and cement forced in under high pressure. In their course the tunnels pass beneath the bed of the Thames and through the bed of an old water-course, where loose, wet gravel offered some trying obstacles to be overcome.

THE SWALLOW-SNAKE.

The London *Graphic* is responsible for the following:—A particularly interesting serpent among those interested is the "swallow-snake," so called because, when the inclination seizes him, he takes his tail in his mouth, swallowing some of it, and thus transforms himself into a hoop, which rolls along with extreme velocity in pursuit of prey. Judging from the illustration the chief occupation of the swallow-snake is to chase bicyclists along the roads of India, always overtaking the rider, unless he chances to have a bigger wheel than the snake can form. A 15 foot swallow-snake, giving a wheel diameter of about five feet, can catch any bicyclist in India. From the description the swallow-snake must be nearly allied to the American hoop snake, which, as is well known, takes its tail in its mouth and chases boys out of meadows, the swallow-snake, though, appears to be non-poisonous, in singular contrast with the nature of the hoop-snake, which, when angered, is poisonous throughout its entire length, as we demonstrated in the case of the hired man who struck recklessly with a hoehandle at a hoop snake rolling past him, the hoehandle immediately swelling up to the size of a man's leg.

MIND PICTURES.

The uses to which the power of mental visualisation are put are most interesting. It is, as a rule, well developed in painters, some of whom are able to paint a portrait after seeing the subject but once. Dore, for one, possessed this faculty. His memory of anything he had once seen was marvellous, and he seemed to work at night as if the scenes he had made note of during the day were still before his eyes. After once driving through Windsor Park, he knew by heart every tree he had glanced at, and said that he could draw all from memory. (These players of note have the faculty of visualising the board in their minds, and are thus enabled to play many games simultaneously blindfolded. One of the great chess players could play twelve games at once without seeing the board. He expressly stated that he had before him a perfectly vivid picture of each board which altered instantaneously as each move was made, and thus remained printed on his mind till another move again changed the situation. Some persons see mentally in print every word that they hear or which they speak. One statesman assured Galton that a certain hesitation in utterance which he has at times is due to his being plagued by the image of his manuscript speech with its original errors and corrections. He cannot lay the ghost, and he puzzles in trying to decipher it.)